FAMILY GUY

"Holy Crap!"

Production #1ACX11

Written by

Danny Smith

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

David Zuckerman
Seth MacFarlane

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify Script Department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department:
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90035

ANIMATIC DRAFT (GREEN) *
December 16, 1998 *

"Holy Crap!"

CAST LIST FOR #1ACX11:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....LACEY CHABERT
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
ANNOUNCER.....SETH MACFARLANE
CARDINAL #1.....SETH MACFARLANE
CINDY.....OLIVIA HACK
CLENCHER.....PATRICK WARBURTON
DIANE.....LORI ALAN
DOCTOR.....SETH MACFARLANE
FRANCIS.....CHARLES DURNING
GNOME #1.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI
GNOME #2.....DANNY SMITH
GRANDMA.....ANDREW GORMLEY
GUARD.....SETH MACFARLANE
ISAAC.....SETH MACFARLANE
LAURA.....ALEX BORSTEIN
MILL OWNER.....SETH MACFARLANE
MR. WEED.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI
MRS. LIPSTEIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
PEWTERSCHMIDT.....SETH MACFARLANE
POPE.....DWIGHT SCHULTZ
PRIEST.....SETH MACFARLANE
PRISONER #1.....DANNY SMITH
PRISONER #2.....ANDREW GORMLEY
RACE JUDGE.....SETH MACFARLANE
ROAD MANAGER.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI
ROWDY FAN.....SETH GREEN
SERGEANT.....PATRICK WARBURTON
STOMACH FOREMAN.....COLM MEANEY
SUPERMAN.....PATRICK WARBURTON
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
WORKER #1.....ANDREW GORMLEY
WORKER #2.....SETH MACFARLANE
WORKER #3 (JOAQUIN/TREVOR).....SETH GREEN
ZEKE THE MOODY DRIFTER DOLL.....DANNY SMITH

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The whole family (except for Peter) is watching TV.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (ON TV)

A DOCTOR addresses a female PATIENT.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Lipstein, I have bad news. The tumor is malignant. I'm afraid you only have six months to live.

MRS. LIPSTEIN

Oh, my God!

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN (with text)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Got milk?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER enters.

PETER

Hey, listen up, everybody. Francis Griffin is finally retiring! *

MEG

Who's Francis Griffin?

PETER

He's my father, Meg. Th- That, That would make him your brother's grandfather. On your father's side, and... No, wait, that would make him... you. * * * *

LOIS

He's your Grandpa Griffin, kids.

CHRIS

Is he that guy who smells like firewood and has those big, gray pussy-willows in his ears?

LOIS

Chris, that's a terrible word. Pussy-willows.

PETER

My Dad worked at that mill for sixty years. That's almost eighty years! Tomorrow night they're throwing a big dinner and we're all gonna be there to honor him.

MEG

Honor him? We barely know him.

CHRIS

Yeah, how come he never visits us?

LOIS

Well, kids, your Grandfather has never been comfortable with the fact that I'm not Catholic.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bells are **ringing** as newlyweds Peter and LOIS exit the church. They approach their car which has been decorated. The back window says, "Just Married..." We **PAN DOWN** to see that scrawled below it is: "To A Protestant Whore."

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Hey, hey, hey, Dad loves all of us. *
He's, he's just too busy working to *
show it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's been that way ever since I was a kid.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A banner reads "QUAHOG FATHER AND SON FESTIVAL." A RACE JUDGE prepares to hand out prizes at a podium.

RACE JUDGE

And now, the winners of the father-son three-legged race. First place, Bobby Hamel and his dad. Second place, Jimmy Lawson and his dad.

We see the TWO BOYS with legs tied to their HAPPY DADS.

RACE JUDGE (CONT'D)

Third place -- Peter Griffin and a stalk of corn.

We see YOUNG PETER (10) with a stalk of corn tied to his leg.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Well, now that he's retiring, me and him can finally spend some time together. I want us to have one of those father-son moments, like on T.V. You know, where we hug, and the music goes "La-la-la." *

We hear a **father/son music cue. REVEAL** A SMALL BAND OF MUSICIANS nearby. Peter peels off a few bills and tips the musicians.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, boys. Just like that.

BRIAN

Hey, can you guys do that fluttery thing, like when the Brady kids run down the stairs? *

The musicians play that **fluttery thing**. Suddenly the six BRADY KIDS run down the Griffins' stairs and out the door. Cindy stops and addresses the Griffins.

CINDY

I don't want to tattle, but ith Bobby really a doctor?

The musicians play the **"someone's in trouble" trombone cue.**

EXT./ESTAB. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

INT. BANQUET HALL - SAME

Peter and the family sit with Peter's Dad, FRANCIS, who **slurps** from a bowl of soup. Peter beams with pride.

PETER

You know, Dad, watching you eat soup reminds me of all the times I'd stare at your empty spot at the table and wished I was watching you eat soup.

Francis doesn't respond.

LOIS

Peter, I don't think he heard you.

FRANCIS

I heard him.

CHRIS tugs at his tie and stares at the hair in Francis' ears. MEG leans over to Lois.

MEG

Mom, I can't eat. I'm too grossed out by Grandpa's ears.

CHRIS

(WITH WONDER) I know, they're like a big, grey enchanted forest.

LOIS

Kids. Your grandfather's ears are not gross, and they are certainly not an enchanted forest.

We **ZOOM IN** on Francis' left ear.

EXT. FRANCIS' LEFT EAR - CONTINUOUS

The hair is like a flowing field of wheat. A pair of tiny hands part the hair, and TWO BEARDED MYSTICAL GNOMES peer out. They speak in a strange tongue.

GNOME #1

Merdre ning trompsodian fitz!

A subtitle reads: "WE MUST RUN TO THE MEADOW AND DANCE AT ONCE."

GNOME #2

Pez hep. Ichobodian groolster.

A subtitle reads: "YOU FIRST. I'M SELF-CONSCIOUS." We **PULL BACK OUT.**

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The MILL OWNER is at the podium with a gold watch. He blows a **"party horn."** *

MILL OWNER

But seriously. Tonight we at Pawtucket Mills celebrate the career of our oldest and most dedicated employee, Francis Griffin. Francis?

There is polite **applause** as Francis walks to the podium. Peter **cheers and claps**. Francis takes the watch and surveys the room.

FRANCIS

At Mass this morning, it occurred to me that I may never see any of your faces again. I just want to say that Jesus loves you. But in my eyes, you're a bunch of sinners and slackers who have forced a hard-working old man to retire! So you can take this shiny watch and shove it where the naughty leprechauns dance! Bless you all. Let's eat.

Peter and Lois sit ashen-faced. In his high chair, STEWIE eyes Francis with a broad smile.

STEWIE

I adore this man.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter drives the family home. Francis is in front.

PETER

That was some speech, Dad.

LOIS

Yes, it's a shame Grandma wasn't there to hear it.

FRANCIS

Bless her heart, she's on another one of her prayer missions in Las Vegas. Lord knows there's plenty of souls to be saved out there.

INT. LAS VEGAS CASINO - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

We see GRANDMA at a blackjack table, drinking and smoking. She checks her cards, then **growls** to the dealer.

GRANDMA

Hit me, you five card stud.

Grandma **cackles**, then launches into a smoker's **hacking fit.**

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

(THROUGH HER COUGHING) Cocktail!

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

FRANCIS

Aye, she's a rose. It's a pity you couldn't find yourself a nice Irish-Catholic girl, Peter.

LOIS

(SARCASTIC) Oh, Francis, this must be embarrassing for you. I'm in the car.

BRIAN

So, uh, wh- what do you have planned for your retirement?

FRANCIS

(GLUMLY) I don't know. I never gave it much thought. I just assumed I'd have a heart attack at work and slump over dead onto me kick press. (WISTFUL) It was always a dream of mine.

PETER

Well, it's always been a dream of mine for you to come stay with us, eh? You and me can finally spend some time together.

FRANCIS

I don't want to be a bother.

PETER

I- It's no bother. Is it Lois? *

LOIS

(DREADING IT) Of course not. Heh. *

It'll be fun.

FRANCIS

You're a good woman, Lois. Perhaps you won't burn in hell after all. Maybe you'll just go to purgatory, with all the unbaptized babies.

PETER

Hey, there you go, Lois. You love kids.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter (in his bathrobe) and Lois (who wears a flannel nightgown) watch in the doorway as Francis tells Stewie a story. Brian lays nearby. *

PETER

Heh, look at that, Lois. Dad's * readin' Stewie to sleep, (FONDLY) just like he never did for me.

FRANCIS

So God cast the pagans and sinners into the fiery bowels of hell, where their flesh burned in agony forever and ever. (SOFTLY) The end.

Stewie puts his thumb in his mouth, **sighs** contentedly, and drifts off to sleep with a smile. Lois takes him from Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Ahh, children love a good bedtime

story from the Bible.

BRIAN

Yes, charming. Like when God told *

Abraham to kill Isaac?

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

We start **CLOSE** on ABRAHAM LINCOLN. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** he's on the deck of the Love Boat. We **PAN** with him as he walks over to a bar, where ISAAC THE BARTENDER mixes drinks. Isaac gives him his patented double gun salute.

ISAAC

Hey--

Abraham Lincoln pulls out two six-shooters and **blows** Isaac away.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Hey, uh, Dad, I- I set up the roll- *

away in the den for you. *

FRANCIS

Ooh! A roll-away bed. Aren't we

high on the hog? Yeah, I had a roll- *

away bed myself when I was a lad. It

was called the back of a horse cart!

I'll bunk in with you and the boys.

LOIS

Well, Francis, the boys have their

own rooms. And Peter and I sleep

together.

Francis slowly turns to look at Peter, disgusted.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Francis, we're married.

FRANCIS

Not in the eyes of the Church, you're not. *

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun is just beginning to rise.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The family (plus Francis) enters from outside. They're all dressed in church clothes.

LOIS

(TRYING TO STIFLE A YAWN) That was a lovely service, Francis.

MEG

Yeah, it was super. And only three more hours 'til school.

CHRIS

I didn't even know there was a five A.M. Mass. I didn't even know there was a five A.M. (TO LOIS) What else haven't you told me?

FRANCIS

Peter, these children talk like they don't go to Mass every morning.

PETER

They do. It's just that we normally go at six A.M. But, but, this was great, Dad. You and I haven't been to church together since I was a little kid. Boy, those were good times, huh?

INT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A **ceremony (in Latin)** is in progress. YOUNG PETER (6) sits next to FRANCIS. Peter looks terrified as Francis points to the (o.s.) crucifix.

FRANCIS

(INTENSE WHISPER) Look at the nails, lad! Right through his feet! Remember that next time you prattle on about your ill-fittin' shoes!

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

I rather like this God fellow. Very theatrical, you know. A pestilence here and a plague there. Omnipotence! Gotta get me some of that, mm?

PETER

Uh, yes, we all enjoy the Bible in this house.

FRANCIS

Really? What's your favorite book of the Bible?

PETER

Uh... Uh, uh, the one where Jesus *
swallows the puzzle piece and the Man
in the Big Yellow Hat has to take him
to the hospital?

Peter gets a look from Francis. *

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

INT. HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Francis **swats** the closed bathroom door with the newspaper.

FRANCIS

Open this door! Open it, I say!

We hear the toilet **flush**. Chris appears in the open door.

CHRIS

Sorry, Grandpa. Uh, you might want to give that a minute or two.

Francis points a warning finger at Chris.

FRANCIS

I know what you were doing in there,

and it's a sin!

CHRIS

But I do it every day. Sometimes

twice.

FRANCIS

Well, mark my words, if you ever do

it again, you'll burn in hell! *

(SUDDENLY AFFECTIONATE) I swear,

you're getting taller by the minute.

He tousles Chris' hair and exits. Chris **shudders** and backs away from the bathroom.

INT. GRIFFINS' SIDE PORCH - LATER THAT DAY

Meg enters with her school books.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Megan!

MEG

Ahh!

She jumps and turns to see Francis glaring at her. He sits stiffly on a box, reading a Bible. Meg is very uncomfortable.

FRANCIS

How was school?

MEG

Um... good. Kyle walked me home.

FRANCIS

Kyle? Is she in your class?

MEG

No, Kyle is a guy. He lives next *

door.

FRANCIS

(MOCKING HER) "He lives next door."

To a harlot!

MEG

Grandpa, we were just holding hands.

FRANCIS

Well, it'll be easy for him to take your hand when God strikes your sinful heart with leprosy! He can take it right home with him! (THEN) Lord, it's great to see you kids.

He **kisses** a stunned Meg's forehead and enters into the house.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lois and Brian are watching TV.

INT. THE OLD "DICK VAN DYKE SHOW" SET - DAY (ON TV)

The **"Dick Van Dyke" theme** plays. ROB enters and kisses LAURA, who gestures to BUDDY and SALLY. Rob starts towards them and trips over his ottoman. He gets up and brushes himself off, laughing. He crosses to the closet and stubs his toe on the step up to the landing. He limps to the closet and opens the door. From inside, a SOUTH AMERICAN PYGMY shoots a dart into his neck with a **blow-gun**. Rob grips his neck, then trips on a throw rug. Then, an anvil drops from above onto his head. His body spasms, then stops.

LAURA

Oh, Rob!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

Francis enters and looks at the TV with scorn. He changes the channel.

LOIS

Francis, we were watching that!

FRANCIS

Well, I'll tell you how it ends. There's a talent show, and they all go to hell!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

Lois is angrily cooking dinner. Brian sits at the table. Peter enters.

PETER

Heya, honey. Hope you and my Dad aren't having too much fun without me.

LOIS

Peter, I love you, and I love that you love your father, but if you two don't have your father-son moment soon, I'm gonna go on a five-state killing spree.

BRIAN

I'll drive.

LOIS

Honey, I don't know what you think is gonna happen. He's done nothing but criticize you since he got here.

PETER

Well, that's all gonna change tonight, Lois. (HOLDS UP TICKETS) Baseball. Huh? The magic of baseball has brought fathers and sons together for millions of years. You'll see.

EXT. MCCOY STADIUM - NIGHT

Peter, Chris, Stewie, and a sour-looking Francis sit in the stands watching the PAWTUCKET RED SOX (a minor league team) play the TOLEDO MUD HENS.

PETER

Wow, I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. Three generations of Griffin men together at their first ballgame, eh?

Francis **grunts**. He looks bored.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stewie's having fun.

ANGLE ON STEWIE sitting next to a ROWDY FAN.

ROWDY FAN

Kill the umpire!

STEWIE

(GLEEFUL) Yes, yes, remove his protective body armor and stab him!

Peter spots a HOT DOG GUY.

PETER

Hey, who wants a Fenway frank, huh? *
Nothing says, "Please talk to me, Daddy" like a Fenway frank.

Chris holds his bloated stomach.

We **ZOOM IN** on Chris' stomach.

INT. CHRIS' STOMACH - CONTINUOUS

Red lights are going off. Steam is bursting from valves. A **siren** is blaring. A man in a white lab coat with a clipboard (the STOMACH FOREMAN) is there as several battered MINE WORKERS (with lighted helmets and hip waders) enter through a hatch in the floor, led by CLENCHER, a shirtless action hero type.

STOMACH FOREMAN

You're not cleared to be in the stomach.

CLENCHER

Don't you get it? There's no more room down there. We are one kernel of corn away from rupture!

The Stomach Foreman pulls a gun on Clencher.

STOMACH FOREMAN

You know procedure, Clencher. We sit tight and divert more power from the brain.

Clencher picks up a chair a smashes a pane of glass covering a large cork, with a sign that reads, "In Case of Emergency, Break Glass."

STOMACH FOREMAN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?!

CLENCHER

Savin' <u>our</u> ass!

Clencher exits with the cork.

We **PULL BACK OUT.**

EXT. MCCOY STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

Uh, uh, no thanks.

PETER

(CALLING) Hey, hey, hot dog guy!

FRANCIS

I'll get 'em.

PETER

Uh, no, no, Dad, they bring 'em to you. *

FRANCIS

Well, la-de-da. I don't need my food brought to me. I'm not a broken-down old mule! I can still work! I can still take orders!

Francis storms off up the stairs. Peter tries to put a good face on it.

PETER

Great! Then get us four crackerjacks and three peanuts. And hurry, hurry back. I got a surprise for you and, and-- * * *

On the JumboTron, we see the words, "DAD, I LOVE YOU, PETER."

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, oh Dad! Dad, Look! Hey, Dad! *

But Francis is gone. Peter is disappointed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, crap. That was money well spent.

ANGLE ON STEWIE -- He turns to the Rowdy Fan.

STEWIE

(STILL EXCITED) Why does that man drop his club before he runs around? I would bring it with me!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois and Brian are watching news. Peter is looking out the window, concerned.

LOIS

He just left without saying anything? Where would he go?

PETER

I don't know. I- I just asked him to buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks. *

BRIAN

I don't care if he ever gets back. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) I- I wasn't being cute. I really hope he's dead. *

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

DIANE

Well, Tom, the city of Boston is examining its conscience tonight in preparation for a visit from the Pope. *

TOM

That's right, Diane. And I'll tell you what else will be examined: My cock.

Tom reaches below his desk and produces a ROOSTER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yes, the Rhode Island Cock Society will be sponsoring free check-ups for this year's Cock Awareness Week. I don't know why they went with such a suggestive name.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

They could've just as easily gone with "rooster." Diane?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

The news continues from the TV.

PETER

I'm callin' the cops. Something musta happened to him. It's not like he woulda just ditched me. Would he?

DIANE (V.O.)

In local news, shellfish from the upper bay have been upgraded from "lethal" to "mildly toxic."

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

Tom and Diane are at the news desk.

DIANE

And a bizarre story in Pawtucket, a recently retired mill employee was arrested when he chained himself to his kick press.

INT. PAWTUCKET MILLS - NIGHT (ON TV)

News footage of Francis chained to his kick press with both arms out, as if crucified. A LOCKSMITH and COPS try to release him but he kicks out at them.

FRANCIS

I want my job back, you soulless Philistines! It's the only thing I really care about!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter looks crushed. Lois feels terrible.

BRIAN

I know how you feel, Peter. My father never wanted to be with me, either. No, no, he was too busy chasing anything with eight teats on it. Bastard! *

Brian takes a drink, then notices they're staring at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(TO LOIS, RE: PETER) What, you think he's the only one with issues?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK - SAME

A SERGEANT leads Francis out.

SERGEANT

Sorry about that chokehold, Mr. Griffin. Hope we weren't too rough on ya.

FRANCIS

You call that a chokehold? Next time put some garf into it, constable. Like this!

He grabs the cop's baton and puts himself in a chokehold.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(CHOKING) Look at my face, lad! It's blue! (COUGHS) Blue as a drowned Protestant Brit! That's a bloody chokehold! (COUGHS) *

Peter and Lois enter. Peter rushes over to him.

PETER

Dad! My God, are you okay?

Francis **smacks** Peter across the face.

FRANCIS

Don't be using the Lord's name in vain! (COUGHS) *

PETER

(TO LOIS) He's okay! Thank God.

Francis **smacks** Peter again.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter is at the table. Lois brings him a cup of coffee. Brian is curled up in a corner, watching the scene.

PETER

I don't get it, Lois. Baseball's always been the secret to male bonding. It even worked for Rosie O'Donnell and his father in "A League of Their Own."

LOIS

(GENTLY) Peter, I hate to say this, but it doesn't seem like your Dad is interested in bonding with you. All he cares about is work.

PETER

Wait a second! Work! That's what'll bring us together. We can start our own father-son business!

EXT. GRIFFIN & SON JUNK YARD - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Under the **theme from "Sanford & Son,"** Francis waddles out onto the porch, scratching himself, as Peter unloads a bunch of old bathtubs from the back of a broken down pick-up.

FRANCIS

(A LA REDD) Hey, whatchoo doin' with all them bathtubs, you heathen dummy?

PETER

(A LA LAMONT) Pop, why you gotta be like that? We cut 'em in half, stick a Virgin Mary in 'em, and sell 'em as shrines.

FRANCIS

That's my boy! Least that's what your mama always told me. Now gimme a hug 'fore I give you a knuckle sandwich.

He air punches at Peter, a la Sanford, then hugs him. The studio audience **applauds**.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Or... you could just get your father a job with you at the toy factory.

PETER

That's an even better idea! Lois, you're a genius. Now give me a hug before I give you a knuckle sandwich. Huh? Huh?

He playfully air punches at Lois, who tries to be a good sport but clearly doesn't like what he's doing.

LOIS	PETER
Peter, Peter, I can't	C'mon, huh? Huh?
hug you-- Peter, cut	Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh?
it out-- Now, Peter,	Huh?
I'm serious-- Peter!	

She hits him in the stomach. He **moans** and doubles over.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - THE NEXT DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - THE NEXT DAY

Peter is giving Francis a tour of the factory.

PETER

And this is the nerve center of the whole factory -- my station. I assemble our new action figure, Zeke the Moody Drifter.

FRANCIS

You mean to tell me you stand here all day playin' with dolls?

PETER

Well, Dad, it's not easy. *
(DEMONSTRATING) See, see, I gotta * twist on his head and stick a tiny pack of smokes in his torn denim jacket.

He pushes a button on the ZEKE doll. The doll takes a **drag** on his tiny cigarette.

ZEKE THE MOODY DRIFTER DOLL

(COUGHS) Never mind where we're goin', just watch the road.

Peter spots MR. WEED.

PETER

Ooh, uh, wait here, Dad. *

Peter crosses over to Mr. Weed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, Mr. Weed... *

MR. WEED

Peter! *

PETER

Uh, listen, I was wondering if you might have a job for my Dad.

MR. WEED

Your father? Peter, uh, how shall I put this? If you are the acorn, he must be the laziest tree in the forest...

FRANCIS

Peter!

They turn to see Francis standing among scores of smoking Zeke dolls. Other WORKERS gather around, **oohing and aahing.**

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

All finished. What's next?

PETER

Wow, Dad! You did my whole day's work in five minutes! (IMPRESSED) We should sell you to the circus, ya freak!

MR. WEED

I've never seen such productivity. How is this possible?

PETER

(PROUDLY) I'll tell you how it's possible. Because this man always put his job before everything else. His wife, his health, even his own son. Especially his own son!

MR. WEED

I need hear no more. You're hired.

PETER

Hey, did you hear that, Dad? You're a working man again!

MR. WEED

Technically, he's management. Everyone, this is your new shop foreman. (TO FRANCIS) Welcome aboard, sir. Lead as you see fit.

Mr. Weed exits. Peter is elated.

PETER

Dad! After all these years -- you and me, together, side by side. Father and son!

FRANCIS

(NEAR TEARS) I don't believe it. Peter, this is surely a miracle! I'm so grateful!

PETER

Hold that thought. (CALLS O.S.) Hey boys, you're on!

The Small Band of Musicians run in and play the **warm father/son music cue.** Peter holds his arms out for a hug.

PETER (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Dad!

Francis drops to his knees.

FRANCIS

Thank you, Jesus!

Peter reacts.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Thank you for giving me the gift of hard labor. I have a purpose in life again! (CROSSES HIMSELF, THEN RISES) Now, back to work! This is a factory, not the Ed Sullivan show!

The musicians and the other workers scurry away. Peter is left holding his arms out. He's suddenly self-conscious. He covers by waving his arms, as if stretching.

PETER

Uh, uh, that's right. Uh, uh, don't forget to stretch. Uhp, no injuries. Hehehe.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is cooking dinner. Stewie sits in his high chair, reading the Bible. Chris sits at the table, holding his stomach in pain. Meg sets the table.

LOIS

I'm making a big dinner to celebrate Grandpa's new job. Corned beef, cabbage--

Chris **groans** and holds his stomach.

LOIS (CONT'D)

And for dessert, your favorite, Chris -- brownies. Thick and gooey. With nuts.

CHRIS

(GROANS) I'm gonna go hang upside-down.

Chris walks out of the room.

LOIS

Chris?

An exhausted-looking Peter falls in from the back door and lands on his face with a **thud**. Lois rushes to him.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter! Are you all right? Where's your father?

PETER

Still at the factory. He's turning the break room into a chapel.

LOIS

A chapel? Where will you all eat lunch?

PETER

(FORCED HAPPINESS) Lois, lunch is a sin. Taking a break is a sin. Bestiality is a sin. I'm not sure how that came up exactly, but me, me and Dad have never been closer. Havin' him at the factory is the best--

Peter's forehead drops onto the tines of a fork the holds in his fist. He's fast asleep.

MEG

Well, I don't care what grandpa thinks. I'll be at Kyle's. If I'm going to hell, I'm going with a date.

Meg exits. Lois covers a pot on the stove and gently wakes Peter.

LOIS

Peter...

PETER

(WAKING) Wha-- hika-- Holy cra-- Dad, I'm working, God be praised!

LOIS

Look, I know you want to connect with your father, but it seems like the harder you try, the worse he treats you.

PETER

What are you talking about? Dad loves me. He just doesn't make a big show of it, like your Dad does.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter crouches in the bushes with CARTER PEWTERSCHMIDT. They both hold huge hunting rifles.

PEWTERSCHMIDT

Peter, it's time my favorite son-in-

law bagged his first Bengal Tiger.

Now, go ahead into the clearing.

You're doing great, son!

Peter steps carefully into the clearing. Lois' Dad aims his rifle at Peter's back. We see Peter in the cross-hairs of Lois' Dad's gun.

PEWTERSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

A little to the left...

Lois' Dad **clicks** the action on the rifle. Hearing the noise, Peter whirls around.

PETER

What was that?

PEWTERSCHMIDT

(LOWERING GUN) Nothing.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Honey, I think you're waiting for *

something that's never gonna happen.

PETER

Well, I think you're wrong. Now if

you'll excuse me, I have to say grace.

Peter falls asleep, his head drops back down onto his fork with a **twang**. Lois **sighs**.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - THE NEXT MORNING

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - SAME

The mood of the factory has changed. Everyone looks tired and miserable.

Peter is working, exhausted. He has four dots imprinted in his forehead from the fork tines. Some of the other workers approach him.

WORKER #1

Hey, Peter, your Dad stinks. I'm working triple shifts and I'm still not employee of the week.

We **PAN** over to a wall, where an "Employee of the Week" sign hangs over a framed picture of Jesus.

WORKER #1 (CONT'D)

(RE: PICTURE) Hehe. How'm I supposed to compete with that? *

PETER

You're right guys. I gotta talk to Dad. We can't keep working this hard. We're Americans!

Peter turns to a blond-haired, blue-eyed male worker.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, except for you, Joaquin.

WORKER #3

My name is Trevor.

PETER

(KNOWINGLY) Okay, (AIR QUOTES) "Trevor."

Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Back to work, all of you! What's goin' on here?

The Workers look to Peter.

PETER

(VERY NERVOUS) Uh, Dad, uh, some of the guys think that, well, since you took over, work is no fun. (TO TREVOR, SLOWLY) Es verdad, Juaquin? *

Trevor eyes close slowly in frustration.

FRANCIS

Work's not supposed to be fun.

PETER

Well, why not?

FRANCIS

Why not? Why not?! That's Satan talking. No wonder your daughter's parading her goods like Salome * without her veils and your son's in the bathroom committing the sin of Onan.

Worker #1 leans in towards Worker #2.

WORKER #1

Who's Onan?

WORKER #2

He's that guy in the Bible who rubbed one out.

FRANCIS

You should be ashamed of yourself. You're a failure as a worker, and as a father.

PETER

(GETTING ANGRY) Now wait a minute. Maybe I'm not a great worker. May- maybe I do sneak a handful of Play-Doh every now and then. I like the smell, okay?! I may not be perfect, but at least I love my kids enough not to spend every minute of the day working. I'm a damn good father. And that's more than anyone can say about you.

Everyone **gasps**. A beat as Francis eyes Peter.

FRANCIS

Peter. You've never spoken to me like that before. So you're not afraid to stand up for what you believe in. I'm proud of you, son.

PETER

(BRIGHTENING) Thanks, Dad.

FRANCIS

You're fired! Now give me a hug.

Francis extends his arms. On Peter's reaction:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Chris, bloated and uncomfortable, looks both ways as he sneaks down the hallway toward the bathroom. Just as he reaches the door, it flies open and Francis appears wearing a bathrobe.

FRANCIS

What do think you're doin', lad?

CHRIS

(TERRIFIED) Nothing!

Chris hurries back to his room.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie is in his high chair, reading the Bible. Peter is at the kitchen table, unshaven and defeated. Lois pours him coffee. The little TV is on, playing "Good Morning, Quahog."

STEWIE *

Smite! What, what a delightful verb! *

Smite! I smite, they smote, we have *

smitten! *

Francis enters, dressed for work. *

FRANCIS

Something's wrong with your shower.

The water's not cold enough. I like

me showers colder than a well- *

digger's curflaughin.

LOIS

I think it's time someone sits his

curflaughin down and has a talk with

his unemployed son.

FRANCIS

If Peter needs to talk, he best go to confession and beg forgiveness for all his failings. Have a glorious day.

He exits.

LOIS

(FRUSTRATED) Peter, how can you just sit there and let him talk like that?

PETER

Aw, he's right, Lois. I am no good. Even my own Dad doesn't love me. Face it, I'm goin' to hell.

INT. BOWELS OF HELL - DAY (CUTAWAY) *

Peter looks around at all the denizens.

PETER

Wow. Adolph Hitler. Al Capone, John Wilkes Booth... Superman?! Wh- What * are you doin' here?

SUPERMAN

I killed a hooker. She made a crack about me being faster than a speeding bullet, so I ripped her in half like a phone book.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT) *

STEWIE

Yes, the fat man's going to hell. And from the looks of his mid-section, he'll burn like a tire dump for all eternity. Oh, I love God! * He's so deliciously evil!

Lois takes the Bible away from Stewie.

LOIS

Stewie, eat your oatmeal. (TO PETER) Honey, you're a wonderful husband, a loving father, and, for some reason I'll never understand, a very devoted son.

PETER

That's a nice thought, Lois, but sadly, it means nothing coming from you.

The TV conveniently gets a little **louder** here.

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

As Tom reads the news, a CAMERAMAN slips him a note.

TOM

Diane, we now go live to Logan International Airport where the Pope is (OFF NOTE) leaving me for another man. (REALIZING) Oh, I'm sorry, that's, that's a note from my wife. The Pope's plane has just touched down. (SOFTLY, FIGHTING FOR CONTROL) You're a pro, Tom. You're a pro.

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY (ON TV)

The Pope's plane, a Blessed Virgin Airways 747, is on the tarmac. Dozens of **shrieking** NUNS hold signs saying, "WE (HEART) U, POPE!" They **scream** and carry on like the Pope is The Beatles. The door to the plane opens and the Pope's ROAD MANAGER steps out on to the platform at the top of the moveable staircase.

ROAD MANAGER

(A LA MICHAEL BUFFER) Hello, Boston!

Are you ready to hummmmmmmbbllllllle

yourself before God!?

The Nuns **cheer.**

ROAD MANAGER (CONT'D)

(CAN'T HEAR YOU) What, have you all

taken a vow of silence?! C'mon! *

The Nuns **cheer** even louder. **The Blues Brothers' theme** blasts over speakers.

ROAD MANAGER (CONT'D)

Then put your hands together for the

one, the only, his hooooooooliness,

The Pope!

The Pope steps out of the plane and waves to the crowd, which **goes crazy.**

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter is staring at the TV.

PETER

Hey, I just got a crazy idea.

Peter shoves his hand in a waffle iron and **slams** the lid down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahh! Why! Why! Why!

He takes his hand out.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, I just got another crazy idea.

Peter jumps up and runs upstairs.

EXT./ESTAB. BOSTON BUDGET INN - LATER THAT DAY

The marquee reads, "Hourly rates. Welcome Pope."

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A council of CARDINALS and HOLY MEN are there as the Pope's Road Manager enters in a satin baseball jacket.

ROAD MANAGER

Boys, it's time for the parade.

CARDINAL #1

We know. He's still in the tub.

ROAD MANAGER

Well, let's go get him.

CARDINAL #1

We can't do that. He's the Pope. If we saw him naked... well, it's gotta be some kind of sin.

The Holy Men all nod. There's a **knock** at the door and Peter enters, dressed in a red bell-boy outfit.

PETER

Room service!

ROAD MANAGER

We didn't order no room service. *

PETER

Oh, I- I know, I- I just, just wanted * to make sure you got a Bible in the room. Hehe. *

Everyone in the room holds up a Bible.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, huh, well. Well, this room is * lousy with Bibles. Heh. Great. *

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, uh, uh, actually, I- I just want to check the honor bar 'cause, ah, the last Pope we had here filled his shaving kit with Necco wafers.

Everyone just stares at Peter.

ROAD MANAGER

All right, wiseguy, who are you?

PETER

(SINCERELY) Look, I'm just a faithful Catholic man with a family crisis that only his Holiness can resolve. (KNEELS) I've never asked the Church for anything, but I don't know where else to turn.

A beat. The Cardinal turns to the Road Manager.

CARDINAL #1

Dust him.

One of the Bishops hooks Peter with his shepherd staff.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bishop and Road Manager stuff Peter into a garbage chute on the wall of the hallway.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Peter topples out of the trash chute, off a dumpster of garbage and lands at the feet of a nervous-looking PRIEST.

PRIEST

My heavens, son, are you okay?

PETER

Yeah. I just got bounced by the Pope's road crew.

PRIEST

Well, good thing you missed me. I'm set to drive the Pope Mobile, and any slight bump on the head knocks me unconscious for a few hours.

Peter looks at the parked Pope Mobile, then at the Priest.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I always wake up feeling fine, but it's just so darned inconvenient to be knocked out that easily. Even by the slightest tap. Like this.

The Priest **raps** his knuckles on the side of his head, demonstrating. He smiles, then collapses. Peter looks at the unconscious Priest, then at the Pope Mobile.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

The Pope waves as a CROWD **cheers** him along the parade route.

AERIAL SHOT -- The procession reaches a fork in the road. The procession goes one way, but the Pope Mobile veers off in the other direction.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A PRISON CHAIN GANG is working on the side of the road in the shimmering heat. A GUARD wearing mirrored sunglasses and holding a shotgun watches.

PRISONER #1

Taking it off here, Boss.

GUARD

Take it off there, Luke.

Prisoner #1 takes off his shirt.

PRISONER #2

Wiping it off here, Boss.

GUARD

Wipe it off there, Dragline.

Prisoner #2 wipes his brow.

PRISONER #1

Waving at the Pope here, Boss.

GUARD

Wave at the Pope there, Luke.

Prisoner #1 waves at the Pope as he is driven by in the Pope Mobile. The Pope waves back.

INT. POPE MOBILE - CONTINUOUS

The Pope waves, but looks a little confused. He calls down to the driver.

POPE

Are you sure this is Boston?

We see that Peter is driving, disguised as a priest.

PETER

Yeah, it's Boston. (POINTING) See,

look, there's Harvard.

PETER'S P.O.V. - A barn.

POPE

That's just a barn.

PETER

Ooh, someone went to Yale.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lois is mopping as Peter enters.

PETER (O.S.)

Lois! Put the coffee on!

LOIS

Careful, I just cleaned the floor.

Lois turns to see Peter, standing next to the Pope, who is on all fours, kissing the kitchen floor the same way he does when he gets off of a plane in a foreign land.

PETER

Good thing, huh? Hehehehe.

The Pope stands up and licks his lips.

POPE

Mmm, lemony.

Lois drops a plate and **gasps.** *

LOIS

(CURTSIES) Your Holiness, this is *
such an honor. Uh, please, go into *
the living room and make yourself at
home.

The Pope nods and exits to the living room.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter, what is the Pope doing here?

PETER

Relax, honey. I just hijacked his
bubble car so he can convince my Dad
I'm a good guy.

LOIS

You kidnapped the Pope?! Peter, this
is the most unbelievable thing you've
ever done.

PETER

Oh, come on, Lois. What about the
time I read that book?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits reading a book. Suddenly, a dozen NINJAS drop from the ceiling on ropes. More NINJAS **crash** through the window and attack Peter. He fights them all off with expert kung fu moves until they're all unconscious at his feet. Then he sits back down and continues reading.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

The Pope is on the couch with Chris, Meg and Stewie. Brian takes two glasses of wine and hands one to the Pope.

Peter enters from the kitchen, followed by Lois. *

POPE

Peter, you've raised a fine family.

PETER

Yeah, well my Dad thinks I'm a screw-up. Matter of fact, I was hopin' you could change his mind. He'd have to believe you. You're God's go-to guy.

POPE

Well, your father is entitled to his opinion, but more important is what you think. Look deep in your heart, my son. Do you think you're a screw- * up?

PETER

Well...

Peter looks from Meg, to Chris, to Stewie, who's cleaning a gun. He quickly hides the gun behind his back.

PETER (CONT'D)

No. I'm not. You know what? I'm a damn good father. And I have great kids.

MEG

That's not what Grandpa says.

PETER

Well, grandpa is wrong! Meg, it's not a sin for a girl your age to like boys. I- In fact, it would be a sin for you not to like boys, i- isn't that right, your Holiness?

POPE

(ON THE SPOT) Well... uh... um...

PETER

(TO MEG) You go next door right now and you flirt all you want with Kevin.

MEG

Kyle.

PETER

Travis.

MEG

(KISSING HIM) Thanks, Daddy!

PETER

And Chris, what you do in the bathroom is between you and God. And if you're sorry, he'll forgive you.

CHRIS

Really? Well, I'm sorry, but I got to go. Thanks, Dad. *

He sprints down the hallway and we hear a door **slam**.

LOIS

Good for you, Peter. But isn't there someone else you should speak to?

PETER

Yes, there is.

Peter turns to see the SCARECROW from "The Wizard of Oz."

PETER (CONT'D)

Scarecrow, you've had brains all along.

He turns to the TIN MAN

PETER (CONT'D)

Same goes for your heart, Tin Man.

He turns to KRISTY MCNICHOL.

PETER (CONT'D)

And Kristy McNichol, come back to television. We miss you.

Kristy smiles, grateful.

LOIS

Peter, I meant you should talk to your father.

PETER

You're right. (TURNS TO POPE) You with me, big guy?

POPE

Peter, I go where I am needed.

PETER

(A LA BATMAN) To the Pope Mobile!

We hear the **"Batman" transition theme** as the Pope Hat spins us into the next scene as in the "Batman" series and we're at:

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY

The Pope Mobile **screeches** to a stop at to the curb. Peter hops out and runs into the building. After a beat, he comes back out and helps the Pope out of the car.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY

Peter and the Pope enter to find all of the workers looking miserable and downtrodden. Their clothes are greasy and torn.

PETER

Hey guys, remember when Weinstein brought in his cousin who was Horshak's stand-in for one whole season of "Welcome Back, Kotter?" Well, I got one better. *

WORKER #1

Wow, it's the Pope!

WORKER #2

What show was he on?

Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Slothful sinners! You're here to work, not stand around with your-- Holy mother! It's the Holy Father! (GENUFLECTING) I am not worthy.

POPE

Rise, my son. You are indeed worthy, for you have raised a fine son. His zest for life is an affirmation of God's great love within us all.

PETER

(MOVED) Wow! (TO FRANCIS) And that's from the freakin' Pope! So I guess you were wrong about me, huh, Dad?

Francis looks stunned.

FRANCIS

I was wrong, all right.

PETER

(CALLING O.S.) Stand by, boys!

The Small Band of Musicians scurry into position.

FRANCIS

(TO POPE) I was wrong about you! You've gone soft on me, Holy Father! Even a tambourine-shaking Baptist could tell this boy's no good!

POPE

(ANGERED) Are you calling me a liar?

PETER

Whoa, easy Pontiff.

POPE

Because I'll excommunicate your sorry bu--

PETER

Okay, time out!

Peter pulls the Pope aside.

POPE

(SHAKING) Oooh, I've never met such an infuriating man! You must have the patience of a saint!

PETER

Well, he's my Dad. I just want him to love me.

FRANCIS

Peter! How could you say such a thing? I love you with all me heart! *

Peter gestures to the musicians, who start playing **the father/son theme.**

PETER

You do?

FRANCIS

Of course! I just don't like you. I don't like anything about you.

The music stops. Peter absorbs this.

PETER

No, keep playing, you guys. I think this is as good as it's gonna get.

The musicians play **the father/son theme.**

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad, to be honest, I don't like you, either. (TO POPE) Aw, geez, that's a terrible thing to say. I guess I am goin' to hell, huh?

POPE

Peter, the good Lord says to honor thy father. He never said anything about liking him.

PETER

(EMBOLDENED) Well, in that case... Dad, I'm gonna eat meat on Fridays, golf on Sundays, laugh at Jewish comedians, and yes, sleep with my Protestant wife. (TO POPE, CATCHING HIMSELF) But I won't enjoy it. A-And she hates it. *

FRANCIS

Well. Fine. I'll be on me way. Take back your job and give your old man a hug.

PETER

(HUGS HIM, GENUINELY) I love you, Dad.

FRANCIS

(HUGS HIM BACK) I know you do, Son.

PETER

What are you gonna do now?

FRANCIS

I don't know. Guess the good Lord doesn't have much use for an old man like me.

Peter looks to the Pope. After a moment, he realizes Peter expects him to say something. The Pope **sighs**.

POPE

Oh! Oh! Well, I suppose I could use another pair of hands on my tour. *

PETER

You- You'd give Dad a job? Even knowing what a jerk he is? *

POPE

I have to. As you said, Peter, I'm-a the freakin' Pope. *

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter, Lois, Brian, Chris, Meg, and Stewie are watching TV.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY (ON TV)

We see a large CROWD assembled as the Pope enters the cathedral. Francis walks in front of him, wearing a satin baseball jacket and pushing ADMIRERS out of the way.

FRANCIS

All right, get back! No flash photography or you'll go straight to hell! You! You're in God's house, ya heathen! Take that cap off before I take it off for you!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Well, I think your father found the perfect job.

PETER

Eh, let's hope so. I love being a good father, but I don't want to have to be a good son again for a long, long time. *

There's a **banging** on the front door.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Peter! Open the door and break out the Schnapps! Guess who needs a place to sleep it off for the weekend!

The family shares a terrified expression.

PETER

Mom?!

EVERYONE BUT PETER

Aaaaahhh!

THE END